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CORK AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

"THE sweet city o' Carik," as the "natives" denominate it, has from time immemorial been the head-quarters of Irishry, or rather the principal town in it, for it has for many a day been an English stronghold, and until the sudden growth of Belfast, it was the greatest, if not the only commercial town in Ireland. The name is said to be derived from *Corough* or *Curkey*, an Irish word, meaning morass or swamp, as the site was formerly a cluster of marshy islands, often overflowed by the river Lee. Its identity with that of the well-known bottle-stopping wood, has furnished materials for a great variety of jokes, some of which Croker has recorded amongst graver matter. One is told of Foote, who, on being asked, at a

length, as it were, in one direct broad street, and the same having a bridge over it!" The river was not made navigable in the south channel till 1670, and about that time, the town, which, till then, was but a receptacle for provisions from the surrounding country, began to improve rapidly. The eastern marshes, on which the best part of Cork now stands, were drained, and a bowling green and pleasure gardens established upon them; but these were destroyed by the Earl of Marlborough (afterwards Duke), in 1690, when besieging the place. The fortifications gradually decayed from this time forward, and were replaced by useful buildings; canals were arched over, the marshy islands united with one another, and the



SHANDON STEEPLE, CORK.

convivial entertainment given by an Irish nobleman, if he had ever been at Cork, replied, "No, my lord, but I have seen a good many drawings of it this evening;" another of Curran, who, apologising to a foppish companion for wearing a shabby coat, on his return in the packet from England to Ireland, said—"I always make it a point to go to sea in a *Cork jacket*."

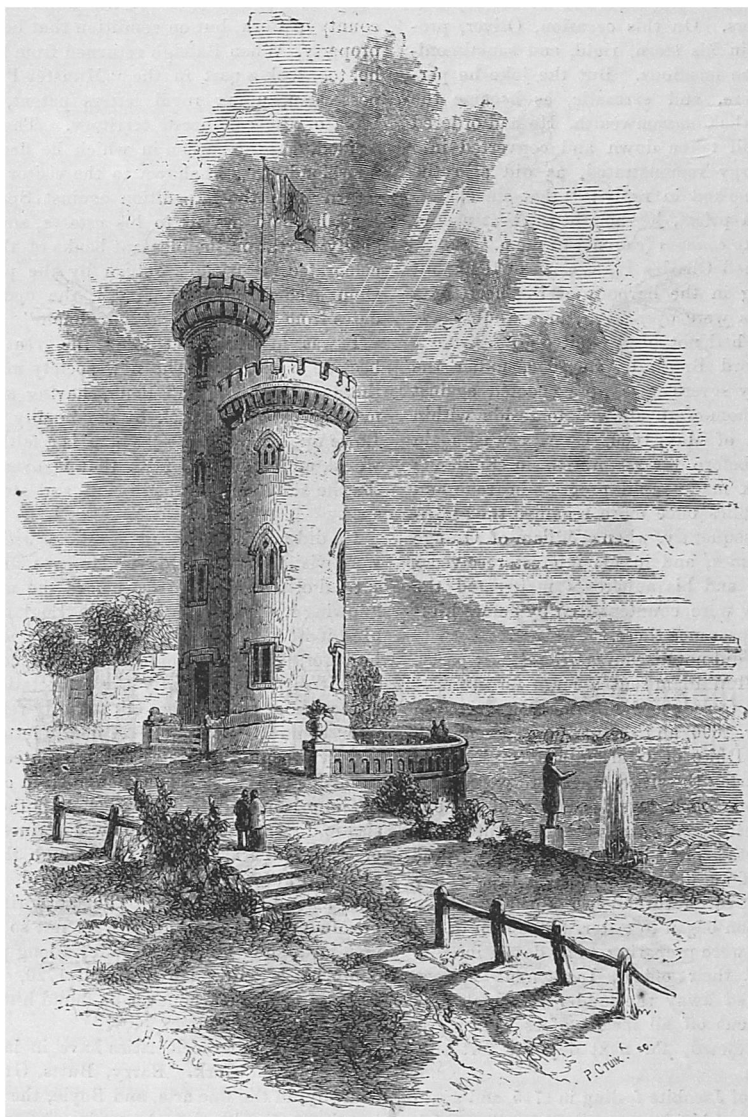
In the year 1600, Cork consisted of but one street, like any Irish village of the present day, and was thus described by Camden. "Enclosed within a circuit of walls in the form of an egg, with the river flowing round about it, and running between, not passable through but by bridges, lying out in"

city assumed its present appearance, which fully entitles it to the praises its inhabitants bestow on it. But it was a long while before it became celebrated for its gaiety. Lord Orrery, in writing to Dean Swift in 1736, drew a woful picture of its dulness, a description which would now-a-days, we think, be applicable to no town in Ireland but Derry. "The butchers," says he, "are as greasy, the Quakers as formal, and the Presbyterians as holy and as full of the Lord as ever; all things are *in statu quo*; even the hogs and pigs grunt in the same cadence as of yore, unfurnished with variety, and drooping under the natural dulness of the place; materials for a letter

are as hard to be found as money, sense, honesty, or truth."

To enliven the place a little, a theatre was opened in 1760 by Spronger Barry, and the first night of the performance was signalised by a very uncommon occurrence. There had been an execution that morning for robbery, and the body of the culprit, after hanging for the usual length of time, was cut down and delivered to his friends. One of the actors, named Glover, having a taste for surgery, and fancying the man was not dead, used means to restore animation, and succeeded. Patrick Redmond, for such was the name of the hapless wight, having indulged rather freely in whiskey on the same

risson with Cork as regards the number of the historical reminiscences connected with it. Limerick boasts itself the "city of the violated treaty;" Derry, "the maiden city," as having sustained the ever-memorable siege, which Orangemen, in their cups, to this day celebrate with jubilation; but for a real city of broils, and tumults, and wars, and rumours of wars, and changes, and revolutions, give us Cork. It was here that Perkin Warbeck, the personater of the murdered Duke of York, first made his appearance upon the scene; and the first who saluted him king was John Watley, a wealthy Cork citizen, afterwards mayor; and when the impostor had been baffled in England, baffled in Scotland,



THE MATHEW TESTIMONIAL, CORK.

evening, in honour of his restoration, went to the theatre, and on seeing Glover, rushed on the stage, to the terror of the audience, and thanked him publicly in the most uproarious manner. Even at this period Cork was famed for its handsome women, who made their appearance in the height of the mode, though London was then at a fortnight's distance, and Paris beyond reach of all persons of moderate expectations. There were assemblies held once a fortnight, and smaller ones weekly, called *drums*, for admission to which a trifling charge was made, and the company sang, danced, walked, or played cards, without restraint.

No town in Ireland, Dublin alone excepted, will bear compa-

and baffled in France, hither he returned to recruit his failing fortunes, and hence he hurried to his doom in London. This business caused Cork for the first time to feel the effects of royal displeasure. Henry VII. deprived it of its charter, but soon restored it, however. Towards the close of the fifteenth century, Cork was a thriving place, but, strange to say, the citizens all intermarried with one another, for the simple and cogent reason, that the whole of the surrounding country being in possession of the Irish clans, who treated the towns-people as Sassenachs, the latter never dared to show their noses outside the walls, much less go abroad for the purpose of making love. During the great wars of Hugh

O'Neill, in Elizabeth's reign, the inhabitants of all creeds, Catholic as well as Protestant, continued faithful to England; but when James I. succeeded to the throne, they became insubordinate and dissatisfied, being unwilling to be ruled by a Scotsman. The Catholic party broke out into open rebellion, and signified their abhorrence of the new dynasty by burning all the bibles and prayer-books they could lay their hands upon. Lord Mountjoy, however, put an end to the tumult on his arrival in May, 1603, and hanged the ringleaders. In the revolution of 1641, Cork adhered to the royal cause, even after it had become desperate; but as soon as Cromwell made his appearance before it, it speedily surrendered, terrified by the "crowning mercies" which that personage declared Providence had bestowed on the republican arms in other quarters. On this occasion, Oliver, probably for the first time in his stern, rigid, and sanctimonious life, was pleased to be facetious. But the joke he perpetrated was grim, severe, and sarcastic, as became the witticisms of a general of the Commonwealth. He had ordered the church bells to be all taken down and converted into siege artillery. The clergy remonstrated, as did also the citizens. He simply remarked in reply; "that since gunpowder was invented by a priest, he thought the best use for the bells would be to make *canons* (canons) of them."

Prince Rupert proclaimed Charles II. at Cork in 1649, but Admiral Blake appearing in the harbour at the head of a large fleet, the inhabitants were over-awed, and would have remained quiet, if they had not been excited to resistance by the instigation of Lord Broghill. In 1655, under the parliamentary *régime*, very severe laws were enacted against the Catholics, none of whom were allowed to reside within the walls. On the 18th of May, 1660, Charles was again proclaimed, eleven days before his restoration in England; and during his reign, Cork made rapid progress in trade and commerce, and the Catholics once more regained the ascendancy in the city. Consequently, when William of Orange landed, it declared for James, and in his interest received a garrison of Irish troops, and his adherents maltreated the Protestants, in which they were countenanced by James himself, when he made his appearance there.

The battle of the Boyne did not discourage the Stuart party, and they still held out, till William sent a large force, under the Duke of Marlborough, to reduce the town. He arrived in the harbour in September, 1690, and the garrison surrendered a week afterwards. The Duke of Grafton, a natural son of Charles II., was killed during the siege, and there were many romantic displays of valour on both sides. One of these is worth recording. The besiegers, having seized the cathedral, posted two files of musketeers in the steeple, for the purpose of galling the garrison of an old fort with their fire. They succeeded so well, that the latter turned two guns against the church, and the steeple soon began to totter. The men in the tower got frightened, and were preparing to go down, in spite of the remonstrances of their officer, Lieutenant Horace Townsend, when he kicked away the ladder by which they had ascended, and thus cut off all means of escape. His gallantry met with its reward, for next day the fort surrendered.

Some slight ebullitions of Jacobite feeling in 1715, and again in 1745, are the only political incidents worthy of notice which have since taken place.

Rich as Cork is in historical reminiscences, in literary and artistic associations it is probably still richer, if we may be allowed to include the county with the city. Who does not know that it was in the latter that the gentle author of the "Faerie Queene" lived, and loved, and laboured, and fled in the night from his burning homestead at Kilcolman, with the yells of Tyrone's kerns ringing in his ears; thus paying the penalty of his Saxon origin, and being in no way respected for his poetical abilities, which the clans were but ill prepared to appreciate? His "View of the State of Ireland," composed in his retreat at Cork, is a faithful description of the country at that period, and abounds in acute observations, and sound criticisms on the men and manners of

the time. Three books, at least, of the "Faerie Queene" were written in the same romantic retreat, and here, too, he was visited by Sir Walter Raleigh, the "courtier, scholar, and soldier," and one of the warmest of his friends. Raleigh had been commissioned in 1580, in the army that was sent to repress the rebellious Earl of Desmond, who was aided by Spanish and Italian auxiliaries, and, during the summer of 1581, being left in command of the Queen's forces by the Earl of Ormond, lay in the woods about Lismore, and in the neighbourhood of Cork, carrying on a partisan warfare with the insurgents, and occasionally residing at Cork. It was at the close of these troubles that Spenser came to Ireland, having been presented by Elizabeth with three thousand and twenty-eight acres of the lands of the unfortunate Desmond in the county of Cork, but on condition that he should reside on his property. When Raleigh returned from his American voyage, he, too, took a part in the "Munster Plantation," by taking possession, under royal letters patent, of twelve thousand acres of the conquered territory. The house in which he resided, and the garden in which he first planted the potato in Ireland, are still shown to the visitor at Youghal. On his return from the expedition against Spain and Portugal in 1589, he paid a visit to his estates, and saw Spenser in his shady retreat on the pleasant banks of the Mulla. The poet celebrated his friend's return by the poem entitled "Colin Clout's come Home Againe," the dedication of which he dates from "his house at Kilcolman."

It was in Cork that Penn, the great William Penn, first became a quaker. The new society made their appearance there about 1655, and Penn, having attended one of their meetings, was so struck by the homily preached by Thomas Lowe upon the theme—"There is a faith that overcomes the world, and there is a faith that is overcome by the world," that he adopted the broad brims and straight collars on the spot.

He did not escape the persecutions with which all dissenters were visited at that day. He was arrested in 1667 with several others, and carried before the mayor, who, however, knowing his father's influence in England, offered to liberate him, if he gave a bond for his future good behaviour. Penn, however, being of opinion that he could behave himself sufficiently well to satisfy the expectations of all reasonable men without any bond at all, sturdily refused, and was thereupon committed to gaol. A manly letter addressed to Lord Orrery procured his release, but eighteen of his companions in misfortune were left to languish in confinement. During his imprisonment, John Exham, another quaker, an enthusiastic disseminator of the new doctrines, and an old soldier of Cromwell's army, walked through the streets, clothed in sackcloth, and with ashes on his head, preaching repentance and amendment of life. The authorities, considering, we presume, that these things were not so necessary as Exham imagined, shut him up also, for a long period, but could not damp his ardour. He lived till 1720, when he was ninety years of age, and whenever he found himself at liberty, persevered in his old course.

A host of other celebrities have in later times made their appearance in Cork. Barry, Butts, Grogan, and Cavanagh Murphy, in the fine arts, and Boyle, the famous Earl of Cork, in science, would alone be sufficient to render the place illustrious. The writers who, in the columns of the *Nation*, in 1843 and 1844, poured forth so rich a stream of ballad poetry, and shed lustre on the follies of the O'Connellite agitation, received some of their most ardent and gifted recruits from the banks of the Lee. And the city too was well beloved by the witty, the humorous, the polished, and well-read Father Prout, the parish priest of Watergrasshill. This is a little village, in the midst of bogs, and brakes, and dells, on the coach-road from Dublin to Cork, and if we mistake not—for it is now a long time since we travelled it—the last stage before the end of the journey. Stages are now done away with; even Bianconi's cars—those capacious vehicles which in the olden time swept the tourist through the south of Ireland—are steadily receding before the mighty railway engine, and

Watergrasshill is relapsing into obscurity. It is surrounded by the chosen home of elves, and fairies, and goblins, and ghosts, the classic ground of myth and legend; and here for many a year the good father tended his flock, and amused the world of London by his quaint disquisitions and squibs in the pages of "Fraser's Magazine." He belonged to the old school of parish priests, who will never more be seen in Ireland, but who differed from many of their successors in being polished and travelled gentlemen, well read in foreign literature, haters of broils, and lovers of jovial companions and good wine. Peace to their ashes! Father Prout was the last of them, and in him Cork lost a son who, in all his wanderings, looked to her with fondness and regret. The church of Shandon, a very conspicuous object—an engraving of which we herewith present to our readers—came in for a large share of his regard. It stands upon the ruins of Old Shandon Castle; and the belfry, with its beautiful peal of bells—built on one side, strange to say, of grey stone, and on the other of red—is associated in the mind of every genuine Corkonian with his dearest and tenderest recollections of his native place. Long ago, when Irishmen were obliged to seek refuge daily in foreign lands from the misery and ruin which reigned in their own, a ballad was composed by some of the exiles, beginning, "Farewell to thee, Cork, with the sugar-loaf steeple," full of pathos and beauty, in which Shandon tower received its due meed of honour. Father Prout pays it a tribute no less exquisitely beautiful, in the well-known lines, which we regret our space will not permit us to quote entire. A few stanzas, however, will serve our purpose:—

"With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.

"On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

"I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music
Spoke nought like thine.

"For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee."

With the mention of one other name we shall conclude this notice; but this is a greater one than any—Father Mathew, of temperance celebrity—who has worked so great a revolution in the social habits of the Irish people. He is a native of Thomastown, and was educated at Maynooth. He took religious vows as a Capuchin friar, and entered upon his labours at Cork. The frightful consequences resulting from excessive whiskey drinking amongst the peasantry struck him at once, and he formed the noble resolution of devoting his whole life and energies to the extirpation of this pernicious habit. He commenced holding meetings twice a week, in which he detailed to his hearers, in simple but forcible language, how much evil their drinking customs brought upon them, and called upon them to take the total abstinence pledge. This was administered in the shape of a simple vow, dictated by the father himself, after which he added, "May God give you strength to keep your resolution;" at the same time presenting the individual with a medal. His efforts were crowned with an almost marvellous degree of success. His brother, a distiller on an extensive scale, was ruined by the movement, and the worthy friar himself was impoverished by his philanthropic labours. As a tribute to his worth, the government settled on him a pension of £300 a year, but this, we believe, is barely sufficient to pay the premium of an insurance policy which he placed as a security in the hands of his creditors. The monument, of which we furnish an engraving, was erected in his honour by his fellow-citizens, but we regret to say, that, owing either to poverty or apathy, it has never yet been completed. It stands upon the Charlotte Quay, near the Capuchin Church.

THE ART OF TURNING.

In a previous article on Turning, an intimation was given of an intention to recur to the subject on another occasion. The promise then made we now redeem. The lathe in its primitive and more complex but completer form we have already presented to the reader; the chucks and gouges we likewise exhibited; how to use the gouge, and how to work the lathe, we now proceed to tell.

For turning a cylinder, or anything of a cylindrical form, by the lathe, the piece of wood chosen should be first reduced to something resembling the shape intended, roughly hewn into the proposed form; the wood should then be attached to the centres or points of the puppets, being firmly wedged into its right place. The cord is then adjusted to the wheel, and the rest for the tool so arranged that the gouge may be easily employed. The workman then presses the treadle, communicating a regular rotary motion to the wood, and firmly holding the tool with both hands (fig. 1), commences the operation. Slowly moving the gouge upon the rest as the wood turns upon its axis, every part of the article is attacked; this must be done with the greatest care and attention. Various tools must be employed; now the circular gouge, now that with a straight edge, according as the nature of the work requires, finer and more delicate tools being used as the work approaches

completion. The dimension of the article must be carefully tested, for which purpose callipers are used. The operation is completed by the workman's employing a chisel of a peculiar form, which removes the remaining imperfections. The article is polished sometimes with glass paper, sometimes with fine sawdust. The last application of the gouge is made by holding the tool either as *A* or *B* (fig. 2.) The latter position is generally considered the best. The whole process is remarkably simple, and no less remarkable for its accuracy; by no other means could the manufacture of a circular article be so exactly and so easily effected (fig. 3).

The callipers, called by the French *maître à danser*, represented by fig. 4, are used for ascertaining the exact measurement of the article to be turned, and frequently applied during the process so as to prevent any error in the operation. In turning boxes, box-lids, and indeed in all the various departments of the art, they are peculiarly useful.

Boxes and box-lids are generally turned from one piece of wood; the exactness necessary is thus preserved with but little trouble. *B B* represents the lid of a box, *C C* the box itself, the accurate dimensions of each being carefully taken by the callipers.

The method of turning a ball is shown in figs. 5 and 6. *A*